

Next Week! Corinne Cushman's New Story, "Madcap, the Little Quakeress."

# NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 411

LOST WINGS AND LINGERING  
HEART.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The year is in the leaves,  
And the leaves are underfoot;  
And as I linger, unto death I'm linging,  
High overhead I hear your happy swarms  
Go by, oh, darling Birds, singing and winging  
To where the soft South-summer welcomes and  
warms.

Season of song and flower  
For frost-fleke and snowfall.  
The bare nest on the bough in broken weather.  
Sweet over the roundness, and strange the dawn,  
And some day on sun-moist ground farther  
Will break my heart, Birds, after you are gone.

Silver Star,  
THE BOY KNIGHT;  
OR,  
The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER V.  
ARKANSAW AND THE BOY KNIGHT MAKE A RECONNOISSANCE.

"Boy," replied Old Arkansaw, "what do you mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is Elwe?"

In as few words as possible the Boy Knight narrated the adventure of the balloon, his rescue of Elwe, and her flight upon his horse.

Old Arkansaw was astonished by the lad's story, and when he had concluded his narration, the hunter said:

"Then the poor young thing never got through. The hoss came all right, but no girl. I should think if the red-skins got her, they'd taken the hoss too; so it's my solemn opinion that she's been killed."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" cried the boy, "I hope such is not the case. I cannot bear to think Elwe is dead. She was the prettiest girl, Arkansaw, that you ever laid your eyes on. And, then, she was as gentle as an angel; why, if it hadn't been for them wicked men in the b'loon, I'd a' believed she war sent from heaven direct."

"Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. I never knew a boy to resemble a gal from a longer in my life but he fell in love with her looks or her ways. And then they're alers—ambers—beamish, and all this sort of things, even if they're ugly as mud fences. Like as not your Elwe'd look like a bird without plumage to me. You see, old eyes and young eyes don't see alike. I used to see an angel in every gal's face, but how're you angels now? After I got jilted forty-seven times, the female sex became very plain—really human. But it's mighty queer bout that balloon business—some mystery. Why didn't you ax your angel 'bout it, Silver Star?"

"I did asid her, and she had just begun telling me when we discovered the Indians coming down upon us. But, Arkansaw, I must know what become of that girl—I will never quit these woods until I know whether she is dead or alive."

"Now, see here, boy; you've got a name all over Dakota and creation for bein' one of the best, slickest and most successful rangers, and so on, for ploly sake, let this girl-hunt spike all."

"Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go—to not leck after her? to leave her, if livin', at the mercy of bloodthirsty savages?"

"Oh, no, Silver Star; be a man—die for lovely woman, if necessary—and you want to; but don't go too hasty. Keep cool and calculate carefully, and then see sh'll figger up. Now, Captain Barns and nine of the soldiers are camped up here waiting for me to return with some game for breakfast, and if you'll wait till I block out a chunk of that dead deer, we'll go up to camp."

"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the boy questioned.

"I did, for a fact."

"And so did I, though I did not hear your gun. There are two bullet-holes in the animal's side. We must have fired simultaneously."

"Yes, and I didn't hear your gun till you begun to rattle off checks to them red-skins. Heavens! how you managed that battle, for a boy. You're a good one, I'll vow. I'm awful glad to meet you, Silver Star; here, give us a shake-like to forget that; but say, Jist don't say anything to the boys 'bout the way I got on—well, the tree we war huggin' up so skimpshus. Jist kind o' hollin' it all to me; I'll fix up this battered mug o' mine, to the boys, satisfactorily."

The scouts secured a portion of the deer, and the weapons of the fallen red-skin, and at once set out for camp, where they soon arrived.

Silver Star was received in camp with shouts of joy; but great was their surprise when the men saw the face of Old Arkansaw, bruised and bleeding, and they at once piled him with questions regarding his injuries.

The old man had expected, and as he promised Silver Star, he fixed the matter up by a slight exaggeration of facts in a manner that reflected credit upon himself.

The old frontiersman and one of the soldiers were preparing the venison for breakfast. Silver Star told Captain Barns of all that had transpired since he left the fort. The captain was astounded at the story of the balloon and the disappearance of the maiden, and many and various were the conjectures concerning the aeronauts and their strange conduct. With what little that Silver Star had gathered of their conversation, Captain Barns felt satisfied that the girl, Elwe, was the victim of some conspiracy, foul and malicious.



"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"But the maiden must be found, she be dead or alive," the soldier said. "One of the pickets said your horse came in from the direction of Deep Ford; and as this crossing is in the vicinity of the Indian village, she might have fallen into savage power."

"If so, then there may be some hope of finding her," declared the young scout; "but at any rate, I'm going to hunt for her until I know her fate."

"And you can count on my assistance," said the officer.

Breakfast being prepared and eaten, the party mounted their animals, and took their departure east, along the river.

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along with them, the youth once more found himself at home in the saddle, and that, too, with his shield-star blazing brightly upon his breast in the morning light.

The party rode on until noon when they halted for dinner and to await the coming of night. They were not far from the Indian village now, and what was to be done must be done under cover of night.

With rested impatience Silver Star watched the sun go down, and when the shadows of night again settled over all, the youth, in company with Old Arkansaw, mounted his horse and rode off up the river to make a reconnoissance of the Indian village. An hour's ride brought them within sight of a hundred twinkling lights on the opposite side of the river.

"Great Scotland!" exclaimed Silver Star, pointing across toward the town; "I'd give my whole right and title to all Dakota if I could go through on yore hornet's nest like a volley of grape-shot."

"I wish so, too, boy, if wishin' I'd do any good," replied Old Arkansaw; "but I'll bet the red bastions have all got their optics skinned and their auriculars open. I just want to meet that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I don't show him a thing or two I'll give my heart to a tead-stool. If I should need him to-night, I'd spatter his carcass all over this territory, and add the Indian washin' with his blood. The cowardly, sneakin' ole bastion! Hivens! how I should like to clap them paws upon him again!"

"And will you love Nathelah then as now?"

"Why should I not? Have I not pledged my love to you?"

"They tell me the tongue of the pale-face lover sometimes is crooked."

"Why should you doubt me, Nathelah?"

"Did the river not give to you one fairer than Nathelah? Is she not in the wigwam of the Silent Heart? and can her smiles and soft voice not bring me back to her?"

"Never, Nathelah, never!"

This assurance seemed to quiet the jealous fears of the Indian girl, and after a few minutes more of stolen bliss, their interview ended. The maiden headed her canoe down-stream, and the lover turned his in the opposite direction. In a minute or two both had disappeared.

The boy started at the question, and with the thought uppermost in his mind he returned to Old Arkansaw and made known his desire of obtaining the claimed immaterial benefit of what he had learned more of that the Indian girl would return to the village and inform her friends that Silver Star was about, and put them on their guard.

"Suppose we go over and stir that hornets' nest up, anyhow?" suggested the Boy Knight.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the scout, softly; "a boy can't pass a hornets' nest without shying a stone at it. But then, I'm in fur anything that's full of fun and fire. We might go over and charge into their village and—then charge out again before the varmints sting, though it'll be awful risky. Jerusalem crickets! won't it raise a seethin' howl? Why, nothin''ll compare with it since the morning stars sing together, and the Romans charged on Bunker Hill."

"Well, well, we'll have to go up the river to cross."

"Can we swim her here?—like Washington did the raging Rubicon?"

"No; the banks are too steep," replied the youth, leading the way up the river.

In a few minutes they came to what was known as the Deep Ford; and entering the stream, they crossed to the other side. Just as they were emerging from the water, the keen eyes of the Boy Knight caught sight of two canoes standing alongside of each other in the shadows of the bank, a rod or so below the crossing. There was an occupant in each boat.

Silver Star said nothing of his discovery until some distance from the river, when he drew rein and requested his companion to do likewise. Then he told Arkansaw to stand by him, and, dismounting, he left his horse in the old scout's care, and started back to ascertain, if possible, who the two were in the canoes. He approached the river with the silence of a shadow, and at length came within earshot of the two unknown persons. Listening intently,

Straight on toward the Sioux town galloped the reckless scouts, and the nearer they approached it the faster they rode. Not a savage seemed to dispute the way, and without the least alarm being raised, they suddenly dashed into the outskirts of the village.

And now arose a Pandemonium of noises on the October night. Old Arkansaw uttered a yell of defiance and discharged his revolver at the nearest savage. Silver Star followed his example, and then, putting spur, they thundered away through the dark part of the village,

the red demons are mountin' and pursuin' us!"

He was now on an open plain, but a belt of timber lay a short distance before him, and straight toward the nearest point he held his way;

"Almost on the very margin of the woods the animal came up to a sudden stop, suddenly pitching his burden rider forward over his head."

"Another confounded blunder!" exclaimed the boy, for before him ran a deep, yawning rift that he had never thought of before, yet knew was there.

He glanced back—to the right and left. Mounted savages were coming rapidly across the opening. He was in a dangerous predicament. He could not escape by swimming the river, for the banks, he knew were high and

precipitous. The rift was before him, and the approaching savages now completed the environing circle. Escape seemed impossible, and capture would be certain death.

Before him a tree had been felled so as to span the channel. The top side of this log had been hewn away to a flat surface over twelve inches in width. This had been used by the Indians as a tooting, and the sight of it suggested a means of escape to the daring young knight. But he was wounded. The only way he could effect his escape was by deserting his horse and dragging himself along upon his hands and knees the best he could. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that he could never elude the savages by this means, and all hope had faded from his breast, when out of the darkness of the woods upon the opposite side of the chasm, a voice cried out:

"Dismount, boy, and cross on the log!" It was the voice of Old Arkansaw.

"I can't, Arkansaw; one of my legs is shot off, I guess," was the boy's cool response.

"Oh, great Babylon!—boy, they'll abolish you! See, they're comin' a thousand million strong! My God, Silver Star! what are you goin' to do, boy?"

The lad had turned his horse's head and was urging it toward the chasm.

"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" groaned the old plainsman, as he saw the trained horse, obedient to its master's will, place its fore foot upon the narrow bridge and then with a spring plant the others close behind them. He saw the horse, with neck extended and form quivering over the precipice, take one step; but he saw no more, for he turned his head to shut out the scene that followed.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

OLD ARKANSAW heard the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the log, and heard it snorting with affright; his shrill voice of his young friend speaking words of command and encouragement to his horse—but he could not hear the approaching savages—all, seemingly, blended in one awful, horrible sound that numbed his very senses, and transfixed him with fear and terror. His heart seemed to rise in his throat, and a dreadful, choking sensation followed. They were the pangs and burnings of the most painful suspense that man could suffer; and it seemed as if they would never end. Everything was on a blinding whirl about the old hunter.

"Come, Arkansaw," suddenly exclaimed a voice, and a horseman swept past him.

The spell was broken. It was the voice of Silver Star—the Boy Knight was safe! He had safely ridden his horse over the chasm upon the footlog performed a miracle!

The old hunter started up, gave utterance to a yell of joy, and putting spur, dashed away after the fearless boy.

Dumb with astonishment, the red-skins paused upon the edge of the chasm. Then a cry of triumph burst from their throats. A few dismount, and running across upon the log, start in pursuit of the Boy Knight.

Away through the forest sped the two scouts. They followed the river a few miles, when they finally rode into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. Continuing on, they soon reached camp, where Silver Star was assisted from his horse and his wound examined.

It was found that the boy had struck his foot, inflicting a very painful, but not dangerous wound. The whole foot and leg had been completely paralyzed by the shock; but this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of pain more acute.

Captain Barns dressed the wound as well as means at command would permit; and recommended a frequent application of cold water to allay the pain and fever.

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary precautions to guard against a surprise by the Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at many different points, the location selected for a camp possessed great natural advantages as a defensive position. It was guarded upon one side by the river, and then nearly surrounded by the irregular-shaped body of water upon the other sides, thus forming a kind of peninsula that could be reached only by way of a narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall, dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and debris, for the place was subject to overflows during high water.

In the very center of this point had the soldiers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return of Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of the latter had been dressed, all seated themselves around the fire and engaged in a quiet conversation.

An hour had passed, when suddenly a shrill, strange voice pierced through the solemn stillness of the place and started soldier and scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the crackling of dry brush was heard, and a moment later one of the guards came into camp, escorting as queer-looking a creature as it had been their lot to look upon in many a day; and what was most strange, the person was a woman—a white woman, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outlandish as her general appearance. Her dress was made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty brown color. It was scant in breadth and in length, and just reached to the tops of a pair of number-seven army shoes. Over this was draped a long, pale-green jacket embroidered with red, and trimming with rows of different-colored beads. Upon her head was a great, flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants' ears, with each nod and motion of the head. Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sash which appeared to be well filled; and in her right hand she carried a great, heavy and clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the worse of long usage.

"Well, by the Holy Jerusalem!" exclaimed

Old Arkansaw, as his eyes fell upon the form of the fair stranger: "what under the moon and shin' star have you found, Rathbone?"

"A woman," replied the half-mortified soldier.

"Yes, a woman!" fairly shrieked the female, with blazing eyes, while she shook her silken umbrella over Arkansaw's head, and then uttered over: "a poor, sad-hearted and lonely woman—'a poor, sad-hearted and lonely woman—the wreck of former beauty, the victim of man's imperity and inconstancy—the relic of an ingenuous gal to the hyenial altar. That's what I am."

"By the dancin' dervishes!" responded Arkansaw, "it seems to me I've seen'd you before, ole lady. Isn't your name Bandy?—Mrs. —"

"Yes, yes!" she screamed, her whole frame set aquiver, it seemed, by mention of the name Bandy; "my name is Ellen Sabina Bandy—the wronged, deserted and injured wife of that odious, ungrateful vagabone, Christopher Columbus Bandy."

"This is it! exactly! I seed' you years ago down in Nebraska. Yes, gentlemen and soldiers, this is the relic of old Kit Bandy, of whom I war tellin' you yesterday."

"Yes, and please gracious, I'll relish him when I git hands on him again!" added the woman. "I'll put a stop to his imagin' around over this hemispherical like a gay young courtier. I'll pluck his eyes out like a vulture—oh, you may laff and laff at a helpless woman till your diaframs rips wide open, but when you've suffered as I've suffered, you'll know how to sympathize with me. Not one mother's brat of you suffer half what I have, and you're all smooth and smooth, and like copper when I meet him again! He promised, at the hyenial alter, to love, cherish and protect me till death did us part; and I'm determined to hold him in the breachin' with a square rein. He shall never lavish his hypocritical smiles and gallantries on any other female than that ever worn hair—no, never!"

"Pr'aps Mrs. Bandy," suggested Old Arkansaw, "if you smooth your feathers, and curl your conversational powers, when the old man's about, he'd remain with you. I reckon as what you go for him like jaggin'."

"Oh gracious, whereas! I haven't I melted myself in all smiles and sweetresses and lovesickness all for that ungrateful critter! And how, gentlemen, did he reward me? Why, it was tryin' to murder me," and her voice fell to a whisper: "yes, tried to *murder me!*" she again broke forth, with violent gestures, "by puttin' a burr under my horse's tail one day when I started for a ride."

"I'll bet you got even with him," said Arkansasaw.

"Please gracious I did, ole covey! One day, when he was takin' his noon nap on his blanket, under a tree on the banks of the Waba, I brought the edges of his blanket together, and sewed up one end with a big stone at his feet. Then I rolled the old cavalier into the river—he! he! he!—and by means of a rope attached to the blanket, I let him down, then hauled him to surface, then ker-soused him under again; and in this way I made him beg like a hungry Italian. He promised to love me, to obey me, to be my own slave, to die for me if necessary, to—"

"Did he keep his promises?" interrupted the old scout.

"No!" she shrieked; "not a single, lonely one of them, the false, deceptive heathen! And it nearly kills me when I think of my galloo-doo, and the time I spent in the courtin' of me so gay, with his pockets full of sweetments, and his tongue drappin' with nice poetry. Oh, what a fool I was! But I war young and handsome, the neighbors said, and every feller in the country courted my smiles. Foolish girl, I were; I salled over a flower-bed and lit in a mud-puddle when I took ole Kit Bandy to her or worse."

"What does your husband follow, Mrs. Bandy?" asked Captain Barns, with a suppressed smile.

"Everything under the shin'in' sun, but mostly a nose bigger than your fist. He's been a prospector, a wood-chopper, a doctor and a hog-driver, a lawyer and a ballyhoo-cker, a judge and a robber, and now pretends, I understand, to be a scout and a detective. But a party scout and detective he'd make! If I detect him, I'll get a scoun' in he don't want. He's been tryin', for years, to toll me off into the Ingin country thinkin' I'd git scalped, or a robber'd steal me for his bride; but, please gracious, I find the Ingins respect a white woman's beauty and virtue, so that I've been an honored guest wherever I went, whether 'mong Ingins or robbers. I've even been offered a home among the red-skins, and but yesterday that noble Indian, White Crane, offered to make me a queen if I say the word. But I would not percept of the honor till vengeance is mine own. Oh, that the blessed day will soon come when I, Ellen Sabina Bandy, as queen of the great West, can look down with imperial dignity upon ole Kit Columbus Bandy, grovelin' at the dust at them feet beggin' to kiss the hem of my royal robe!"

"You're too revengeful toward your husband, Mrs. Bandy," said one of the soldiers.

"Heaven forbid," answered the woman, seatin' herself upon a great, hollow log, and rockin' herself to and fro as if to nurse her wrath and sorrow. She remained silent for some time, then she took a silken sachet from her sash and reading it over, crushed it in her hand with a spiteful hiss. What she finally did with the paper no one knew, but she disposed of it in a strange, sly manner.

"Well, Mrs. Bandy," said Captain Barns, "it is but my duty as a soldier and a gentleman to offer you the hospitalities of our camp. We will do the best we can to make you comfortable."

"Oh, I thank you," responded the woman, in a lower tone. "I can't tarry. I heard you were down here, and so come down to inquire if you had seen anything of my lost darlin', Kit Columbus Bandy. I must return to-night to the Indian town; I promised I would."

"Well, we have seen or heard nothing of your husband."

"Haven't! Well, I'll live on in hopes. My day'll come yet!"

"Then you come and go among the Indians at will!"

"Yes; I've a passport to and from the Ingin village. It was given me by that noble chief, White Crane."

"Have you any idea that your old tulip, Kit Bandy, is in this country?" inquired Old Arkansaw.

"Yes, I have a purty strong idea that way. I seed' his track of a whale man long' the river o'ther day that looks adactly like that old bliste'r's track. Whenever you see a track that looks like the imprint of an elephan'ts hoof, and follow it up, you'll find old Kit Bandy at the end of the trail."

"Well, now look here, Mrs. Bandy," said Silver Star, rising to his feet, and hobbling over to where the old woman sat; "I'm scoun'ing around through the country a deal of a sight, and I might be of some service to you upon condition you assist me a little."

"Well, I'll do anything in my power for you, son, if you'll just watch out for my old bliste'r, and I'll see you find him."

"I'll do so; and now I want to ask you one question: is there a young girl in the Indian village—a captive?"

"None to my knowin'; and if there'd been any I'd-a-known it, rest assured. If there's a gal lost, like as not when you find her you'll find old Kit Bandy with her tryin' to make her believe he's a gay young soul, and that he loves her unto death, and that she ought to precipitate. But, please gracious, them ugly old eyes and that big, alligator mouth, and them jack-mule's ears, and them old gutters on his face! I'll not let him deceive another young, beautiful and innocent gal—no, never!" and she punctuated her remarks by drivin' the end of her umbrella into the sand at her feet.

A moment's silence ensued, and as no one seemed disposed to ask Sabina any further questions, she took a clay pipe and some tobacco

from her sash. Filling the pipe, she advanced to the fire and taking up a red-hot coal in her fingers, laid it upon the pipe and began putting vigorously, and in a moment her face was lost behind a cloud of smoke.

"Now, old soldiers," she finally remarked. "I'm goin' to departure, and please gracious, I hope you will not forget a wronged and injured woman. If you can give me any information that'll lead to the recovery of Kit Bandy, you shall be liberally rewarded—if not on earth, in heaven. So now, good-night, folks."

So saying, she turned and started happily away, puffing at her pipe and balancing her big umbrella upon her hands with remarkable skill.

"I'll be eternally blessed if that isn't a kind of folks we won't often see 'round this kentry!' exclaimed Old Arkansaw.

The soldiers gave way to an outburst of laughter.

"She may be an Indian spy, boys," suggested Silver Star, seriously. "I don't like the looks of her."

"No danger o' that," replied Arkansaw; "but then, she's a regular clipper; and mean as she makes ole Kit Bandy out as a husband, I tell ye he's a glorious old hoss to stand in the harness with when danger's around, and I'd like to bump against him in these diggin's. I met him several years ago down on the Red River; and I tench' he's a regular good-lookin' good timer."

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the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our story. It had lost much of the neat, trim appearance it had then; the gate was broken and the vines dismantled from the rustic porch.

A man was splitting wood just outside.

"Does Barbara Worth live here?" inquired Mr. Cameron.

The man looked puzzled.

"Is it blind Barb'y, ye mane?"

"Yes, she was blind, and her name is Barb'a."

"Sorra a bit does she live here now, at all, at all! I hear say that she was out of her head, like, an' Miss Sutton tuck her to some doctor's place, or ruther."

"Sutton! Sutton!" repeated Mr. Cameron, in an excited tone and manner, "what Sutton! What ne'er Christian name Lucia?"

"I know that it was her name, sur. I only know her as the lady that lives in the big white house on the hill—or did live there."

"Where is she?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sur," said the man, with a solemn shake of the head; "she's dead."

Richard smiled at this non-committal reply, while Mr. Cameron looked as though he was uncertain what to do next.

"If this woman was Lucia Sutton," he said to his nephew, "she is the person I have been trying to find so many years, and who I am now more convinced than ever was at the bottom of all these troubles. But if she is dead, and Barbara Worth cannot be found, there is nothing to be done, as I see."

A pleasant, intelligent-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, had come out of the house, and stood listening to this conversation.

She now spoke.

"Barney, I don't believe but what Elsie Pringle could tell the gentleman what he wants to know. You know she lived with Mrs. Sutton, and went with her when she took blind Barb'y to New York."

"Where does this person live?" said Mr. Cameron, turning to the young woman.

"She keeps a variety store in the village, sir. It's on Main street, just the right as you go down. You can't miss it."

Mr. Cameron put some silver in the chubby hands of the baby; then the two retraced their way back to the village.

Going down Main street, they soon came to a little shop, on the door of which was very conspicuously lettered:

"M'S PRINGLE'S FANCY STORE."

On one side of it was a show window, in which were displayed specimens of the various articles sold within.

As they opened the door, the sharp ring of a bell called a woman out from a room in the rear.

It is our old acquaintance Elsie, looking very much the same as when we first met her, with the exception of a slight limp.

She passed round back of the counter, to where her supposed customers stood.

"I wish to see Miss Elsie Pringle."

"That is my name."

"You lived with the late Mrs. Sutton?"

Elsie looked uneasy, scanning more closely than she had hitherto done the countenances of her visitors.

"Well, yes, I lived with her—why?"

"Do you know what became of Barbara Worth, commonly called Blind Barb'y, who went with Mrs. Sutton to New York last spring?"

The uneasiness so plainly visible in Elsie's face, now changed to fear and distrust.

"No, I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her golin'." She seemed sort o' crazy. When we got to New York, she grew worse, an' Mrs. Sutton sent her to some doctor. That's all I know 'bout it. Did you want to buy anything?"

Here Richard said something to his uncle in a low voice, who replied to him in the same tone.

Then the latter turned again to Elsie.

"I have something of importance to say to you, and must ask a private interview."

Elsie led the way, with visible reluctance, to a little room back of the shop.

It was evident to Mr. Cameron that she knew now that she was willing to admit, for fear of compromising herself, though in what way was a puzzle to him. It almost seemed as if she was alarmed for her personal safety.

"If there's anythin' wrong," she commenced in an agitated voice, "taint my fault. I waited on Barb'y and did jest as Mrs. Sutton told me, and if any mischief has been done, I ain't to blame for it."

Mr. Cameron was convinced by Elsie's words and manner that some foul play had been attempted, if not perpetrated; but the first thing to be done was to allay her apprehensions.

"You are not going to be blamed for anything. Nor will you be harmed; unless, indeed, you refuse to give me the information I am sure you possess. On the contrary, if you answer my questions truly and honestly, you shall be liberally rewarded."

Elsie looked wistfully at the bank-note that Mr. Cameron took from his pocket-book, saying:

"Of course, I'll tell you anythin' I know, sir."

"Well, then, what was Mrs. Sutton's object in taking Barbara Worth away among strangers?"

"Well, sir, she said she wanted to consult some doctor about her?"

"I didn't ask you what she said; I asked you what you believed her object to be? Mrs. Sutton is dead; you surely have no reason to fear her now?"

"I think 'twas because she was afraid she'd tell somethin'; in fact, she told me so."

The uncle and nephew looked at each other.

"She did! Now you tell me you waited on Barbara; was her mind real affected, or was it simply a pretense on Mrs. Sutton's part? Remember that your only safety lies in being perfectly frank."

"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what Barb'y was out of her head, but I think 'twas somethin' that Mrs. Sutton give her that made her so. I minded that she always had them queer spells after she'd took some of the wine or cordial that Mrs. Sutton kept by her."

"How did it seem to affect her?"

"At first, it made her giddy an' crazy-like; then she grew stupid, an' didn't seem to take no notice of nothin' nor nobody. A good deal of the time I dressed an' undressed her as I would a baby."

Before Barbara went to New York, did she live quite alone?"

"Yes, sir. She lived in a little cottage out of the village, that belonged to Mrs. Sutton."

"Did you ever know of her having a child with her, a girl?"

"No, sir, only Mrs. Sutton's daughter. She had the care of her, I think, from a baby."

"How old was this daughter?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I should say she must be eighteen or nineteen; something along there, sir."

"You think this girl is Mrs. Sutton's child?"

"She was always called so. It ain't more'n eight years ago since Mrs. Sutton come to Edgecombe; so her daughter was quite a girl when I first saw her."

Mr. Cameron looked attentively at the speaker. If she had any doubts on the subject, or knowledge of facts beyond what she stated, she was evidently determined to keep them to herself.

"How long has Mrs. Sutton been dead?"

"About six months."

"Where did she die, here?"

"Oh, no, sir; she was killed on the cars last summer. I presume you heard of it; two trains coming together, own't to some mistake a bout it. There was a terrible loss of life. It was a great escape for me. I was sit beside Mrs. Sutton only a few minutes before; then there was a lady on board on her way to be governed in a family she was acquainted with—Miss Lane, I think her name was—an' she told me to give her my place, so I took a seat on the other side. I hadn't much more'n got

comfortably fixed when the trains met. Mrs. Sutton an' this lady were so crushed that if it hadn't been for their dress they couldn't have been told apart, an' the only hurt I had was on my foot."

Mr. Cameron listened very gravely to this.

"It was a terrible death. I knew Mrs. Sutton some years ago, when her fate promised to be very different. Now I want to find this blind woman, Barbara Worth. Where did Mrs. Sutton take her when she left New York?"

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**IN OUR NEXT!**

**MADCAP,**

**The Little Quakeress;**  
OR,  
**THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING.**

**A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.**

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

Of singular interest, beauty and subtle power, this enchanting serial is really *four love stories in one*—a revelation of four girls' loves and fates, and a romance of "the best social circles" in the quaint old city that throws a steady light into parlors and homes not often invaded by the "interviewer."

**Willful, Provoking Corralie, the Madcap,**  
Pure, Faithful, Beautiful Ethel,  
Artful, Weak, Ambitious Myra,

Misled, Misused, Ever-grateful Olive;

all are "heroines" in the story sense, and yet all are but actors in one most eventful series of circumstances that test and try them all, to the very soul; and the story, hence, is a most powerful presentation of the mystery of the woman heart, mind and nature. Not less, too, is it a searching and significant portraiture of man.

**The gay, dashing, honorable Cadet,**  
The dissolute, mean, desperate Garwell,  
The high-toned, trusty, devoted Evelyn,  
The plain, straightforward Ignacio;

all are masterly characters that bring into strong relief some of the best and worst qualities of men.

**Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Again!**

Soon to commence, a powerful and exceedingly striking story from this admirable delineator of Wild Western Life, viz.:

**Happy Jack and Pard;**  
OR,  
**THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.**

**A Romance of Sports and Perils of Post and Plain.**

While it is a most truthful delineation of life in the still savage West it is deeply absorbing in story—original, novel and almost surcharged with the interest of the conflict of savage and outlaw and ruffian life with the incoming civilization. It will command an eager perusal.

**Sunshine Papers.**

**A Lesson for All to Learn.**

HARD times! Bless us, how delightful it would be to hear about something new! We never remember hearing of good times, except the "good time coming;" and it is so long on the way that we have fears it will not arrive before the millennium. But hard times—hard times ever since our cradle days.

Were there not hard times—financial panics, business crashes, innumerable failures, and all those horrible affairs for which the men nowadays hunt the morning papers daily, and with which they season their breakfast and cheer their families—in 1857? And did not the black days of secession and rebellion follow fast after, when prices went up to fabulous figures, and poor men found joining the army a salvation from starvation? That was when a yard of white muslin was worth its weight in gold, sugar was precious as silver, tea more valuable than gems, and everything else eatable, or drinkable, or wearable, or needful in any way cost accordingly.

Those were hard times; and we have heard of nothing but hard times ever since, though there came a season of seeming prosperity, when rents and real estate brought in fabulous amounts, and people learned to make and spend money recklessly. Ah! that was the hardest time of all—for the evil habit of recklessness affected the rich and the lowly alike, and the working people in their efforts to keep up with their wealthier neighbors forgot what frugality and economy meant. As merchandise fell in prices they bought more instead of



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saving more, and the wife of the clerk dressed as finely as the wife of his employer. And now, when real estate is almost a curse to those who hold it, and stocks are depreciated, and factories are closed, and failures in all kinds of business are everyday occurrences, and workmen and clerks are thrown out of employment, and wages and salaries are being everywhere reduced, and there is much declared suffering and much suffering endured in secret, few have money laid by upon which to fall back in their time of need, and fewer still know where to commence to save.

That is one secret of the hard times. Another lies with the business men who are really doing well, but not coining money fast enough to suit their rapaciousness, and to make the "times" an excuse for all sorts of injustice to those they should now be most willing to help.

The head of the family—we mean the father of the family, but thought best to explain, since "women's rights" are rather severely asserted in some home-circles, if nowhere else—declares that "the times are awful—awful! truly awful, sir!" He goes home and sits at his dinner with severe face. He lifts his voice in prayerful invocation over the meal—using words that he has so often used before that he says them with great solemnity while he is thinking of his day's profits; and his thoughts never rise higher than the roof of his own four-story house—and then commences in the most earthly frame of mind to criticise the dinner.

"This is a fine dinner to give a man when he comes home and expects some thing nice! Potatoes and steak—sirloin steak, too, I do believe!"

"But, John," says his comical mate, "you get a good dinner in the middle of the day."

"And what if I do?" he growls, without mentioning the soup, roast turkey, five kinds of vegetables, dessert, and glass of ale, he took at one o'clock; "a man must have something to sustain him when he has to slave day after day to support a family"—his slaving consisting mostly of lolling in a cosy office-chair and chatting with customers, while wife is home sewing, and tagging about the house from breakfast-hour to dinner.

"Well, I will not get sirloin steak if you dislike it; but porterhouse steak, and rib roast beef, and poultry, and such things cost so much for a large family like ours; and you say it is such hard times!"

"Hard times! Yes, I should think so!" he says; "but we can't starve; you must retrench in other ways. Why, to-day I cut down the salaries of my porter, and entry-clerk, and bookkeeper."

"Poor fellows! they are all married, too; seems to me that was rather hard," says the wife, gently.

"Oh! you women never understand things. Banks are bursting and business-houses failing every day, and we must begin to retrench; and the clerks must not expect to get as much now as when times are good; they must learn to spend less!"

"Well," says wife, "I suppose you know best. Can you give me three dollars, John, to pay the old man who tends the furnace?"

"Three dollars! Where are the ten I gave you last week?"

"I paid seven for plain sewing, to Mrs. Jones, and one to the Pastor's Aid Society, and two to the dressmaker."

"Seven for plain sewing when you have a machine! You ought not to be paying for plain sewing these hard times."

"But, it is a real charity to give it to Mrs. Jones, for her husband has been sick and out of work for over a year, and she has her house-rent to pay and three little children to support."

"Charity begins at home," says the businessman, sententiously. "Times are too hard to be supporting other families than one's own, and fifty cents a month, nowadays, must do for the Pastor's Aid Society, and the up-stairs girl must see to the furnace in future."

"Oh, John! Poor old Jim and his old wife would starve if he could not get furnaces to see to; besides, the servants do not think it their place to do such work."

"Then you can get new servants, and teach them to know their place. I'm not going to pay a dollar a week, in such times as these, to have the furnace fed. Here are the three dollars, and you can tell the man we don't want him any longer; and, by the way, here are twenty-five dollars to pay for the new pants and vest, and a box of cigars I ordered."

That's the style! That is what hard times means to certain men! They cut down on their church expenses, cut down on charities, take the bread out of the very mouths of the poor people who have worked for them, heartlessly turn them adrift, lessen the number of their employees and send home those they retain with the news that their salaries have been reduced twenty-five per cent, but they do not curtail a cent upon their house and personal expenses, nor deny themselves a single necessity nor luxury. Times are hard, but they keep them easy for themselves by the standard of practice of making them harder for others.

Ah, when these people come to die—if it is possible for them to send messages to their friends on earth—they will controvert with innumerable proofs the theory lately advanced by a most sensational and erratic theologian, that there is no hell! They will learn then, what they never learned on earth—the true meaning of hard times!

And while the hard times of to-day may be teaching us of the present generation a lesson in self-denial and economy that we need to know, that fact will not mitigate the retribution that will overtake those who forget, in these times, to "do justly and to love mercy."

**THE MORAL OF "ITEMS."**

Did you ever think what a deal of the drama of life might be witnessed by the perusal of a few items in the newspapers, which, if placed together, would show "high" and "low" humanity, in its relations to causes and effect?

For instance, one reads of a young millionaire who, last winter, presented his lady-love with a diamond necklace, valued at \$50,000, and sundry other gifts, of but little less value.

How would it do to put under this the paragraph relating to the finding of the body of a woman frozen to death in the cold street, starved to death in a city of wealth and charity?

Then may come the item of the discovery of the body of a poor betrayed girl, floating in

the water of the Hudson, with scarce a friend left to claim the form that once held a pure soul and had an untarnished name. Why should not these fortune-tellers, quack doctors and medical charlatans, have their advertisements appended to this item? You cannot see what one has to do with the other, but you would, if you knew the whole story of that girl's life. You think, that for her death, at least, she has no one to blame but herself—she was a suicide. I believe others were as much to blame in the taking off of that poor creature's life, as if they had stood behind her and pushed her into the river's bed!

Just below our eyes, we can catch a few lines remarking that such a boy had left his home and run away to sea. The comment thereon seems to be, how was it possible for a son to leave the parental roof to seek so precarious a life as that of a common sailor?

The answer I can easily find in the following paragraph on another page: "Harshness with and tyranny over children, are not of such a nature as to cause them to love home; and, if persisted in, will cause more than one youth to leave the homestead, believing that no place can be worse, and many much better, than their own homes."

Look a little further on in the paper and you may discover—for the case is a very common one nowadays, more's the shame—the embezzlement of the cashier of a bank or the confidential clerk of a large mercantile house, and our wonder is why a person with a fine salary and a good reputation should shrink himself so low as to become a thief. How will this paragon graph the above case: "Extravagance and the mania for speculation are stepping-stones to guilt. If a person would but live within his income we should hear less of crime, and the individual himself would be far happier and his conscience less troubled." But, my good friend, they will not do it. "I will have as much money as another, I will have as fine clothes and as fine horses, even if I cannot afford it. I can speculate."

And he does speculate, not with his own money, but his employer's; the speculation fails, the money cannot be returned, the clerk or cashier absconds. How much gaud has his speculation done him, pecuniarily or morally? "The body of poor young —, killed in a drunken brawl, was carried to the home of his parents, a home bare and meager enough; there seemed to be something wanting to make it feel homelike, and we are told that it always had cheerless, desolate look even before young — commenced his downward course."

"The gambling and liquor saloons are ablaze with light; they are warm and magnificently furnished—that is, those of an aristocratic (?) character. It is to the *interest* of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men."

Moral: If you want to keep your boys at home, you must make home as attractive as the places abroad, filling them with different kinds of pleasure and showing them that "home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

Surely it is to the interest of the proprietors of the questionable places to have them as attractive as possible, in order to draw custom, and that is the *interest* of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men."

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# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## MY ROSEBUD.

BY MAY MELVILLE

A rosebud once to me was given,  
To watch with tender care,  
That I might see its beauty bloom,  
And breathe its fragrance rare.  
  
That rosebud! Ah, I loved it well,  
So fair it seemed to me;  
And when its petals would unfold  
How lovely must it be!  
  
No glaring sunbeams e'er should scorched  
My rosebud pure and frail;  
No dew, nor chil blist should blight,  
Or make its brightness pale.  
  
Thus sheltered from the sun and rain,  
That rosebud withered soon;  
A gilded vase, a bit of earth,  
Were left me of the boos.  
  
Ah, me! The bitter tears I shed  
O'er that lost bud of mine!  
No more would graceful, glossy leaves,  
Like tendrils, round it twine.  
  
Could it have felt the sun's warm rays,  
And nipped the misty rain,  
It might have been a blooming rose:  
These for it, were vain.  
  
No sun or rays of heavenly dews  
Could change that rosebud's fate;  
I should have known what were to give,  
But, ah! I learned too late!  
  
Tee late, too late! Oh, Father dear,  
Till it too late shall be,  
Let us not hide Thy truth and love  
From hearts we'd lead to Thee!  
  
Oh, Father, send thy dews and rays,  
And make Thy servants wise;  
And grant Thy rosebuds given us here  
May bloom for Paradise!

## Tatty.

BY DEANE CHESTER.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Snow underfoot, snow on all the house tops, blackened with city dust and soot, and a chilly, unpleasant suggestion of coming snow in the air.

On the old city bridge, where one could see only the black, low river far below, and blocks of factories and tenements on its either bank, stood a poorly-clad woman.

From the roofs of the houses were flung out numerous lines of ragged, dirty clothing, signals of distress, flapping to and fro in the wintry air, and proclaiming from the house tops the poverty and sloth of the inmates.

But the misery of her surroundings was unnoticed by this girl. Her thoughts were far away, and she paused every now and then with a look of expectancy upon her face which settled into one of despair as the wintry afternoon shortened.

"Madge,"

She lifted her bent head with a cry of joy.

"How yer scare one, though. Who'd 'a' thought you'd be a-comin' from the other side?"

"I had business there, and that detained me, I got your note."

"Could yer read it?" inquired she, eagerly, with burning cheeks.

"Oh, yes. I could make it out," he answered, carelessly.

Then seeing tears in the large black eyes:

"You have done well, child. I am growing proud of my pupil."

These few kind words seemed to arouse all the sleeping tenderness of the girl's nature. She took one of his hands in hers and pressed her lips to it.

A change passed over his face, an aristocratic face where the conflicting forces of good and evil had left their marks, and all his indecision and listlessness seemed gone. Without resistance on her part he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"You love me dearly, Maggie, don't you?"

You've often said so, but of late I have doubted it. And it is just right when I saw that fell low with you."

She clung more closely to him and looked up with the sort of dumb worship in her eyes that one sees sometimes in the gaze of a faithful dog. It was the untrained, devoted love of a passionate, ignorant nature.

"Yer know I love yer, Ray. 'I wouldn't mind'"—biting her red lips and stamping one foot on the frosty boards—"bein' ground into bits if it would do you good. I mean it. I'd kill myself any day if yer asked me to do it!"

He looked pleased, and pressed her more closely to him.

"Who was the fellow and what was he saying to you?"

"Oh, that was only Joe, and he was a say-in."

She stopped short, and blushed violently.

"What was he saying? You must tell me, Madge."

She was crying hysterically now.

"Oh, I can't tell yer, Ray. He lies about you. He sez other people see them."

"What do they say, darling? I'll make his words choke him yet!"

"But he sez, Ray, he tells 'em for my good. And then I told him he lied when he called me names. He sez, turning quick like on me, 'Call me a liar again, Meg, I like that,' see he. 'He's a foolin' yer, and yer'll live to curse him!' Then I couldn't help a-tellin' him, Ray, though I was afraid you'd be mad. My gris was up, and I turned and sez just how yer promised to marry me some day. He laffed and laffed when I sez that. Marry yer indeed! No, no, Meg, such silly-every girl's like you. Don't listen to him, dear!"

"He called you dear," did he? asked her companion quickly. "Insolent rowdy! Go on, Madge; tell me every word, remember."

"Well, then, Ray, he asked me to be his wife. He sez how he has always loved me since we was so high," measuring an imaginary distance from the ground with one prettily-shaped hand, "and then he took on so and cried and sez how he will kill himself if I won't have him, and I felt so sorry."

"You're like the rest, I see," exclaimed her lover, pushing her from him violently. "You felt sorry for him! Oh, Maggie, if you should love him or any other man but me!"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried she, fiercely, throwing both arms about his neck. "Oh, I love you, only you! I will kill me if yer leave me now! You believe me, don't you?"

No man has ever doubted such passionate earnestness and perfect abandonment of self.

For one instant he hesitated; then this illusion conquered his better nature.

"Listen, Maggie; I have much to tell you. It is getting cold, darling; we will walk slowly to your lodgings."

His next words were spoken more cautiously. "Would you sacrifice, give up, a great deal for me, Madge?"

"I'd give up everything," she answered, in a low, intense tone.

"And you won't grieve, darling, for what I can't help? I am so wretched to night, utterly miserable, and yet I can't get along without doing it."

She waited quietly for him to finish, and yet her trembling form showed that she anticipated his next words.

"It is all my mother's doings, Madge. I am horribly sick, or I wouldn't submit to it. I am to be married soon. I know you won't be sick enough to care if you really love me. I must give my name and position to that plain, cold woman, but you shall have my love always. I swear it, Maggie!"

He paused beside her on the dark bridge and tried to take her in his arms, but she shrank away from him with a cry of anguish.

"Don't touch me now, Ray. I know 'tain't yer fault, and I'm a fool to have thought yer meant it—to wait for me till I got a education. I'll always love yer, for somehow I can't help it, but I'll never study no more. Tatty's prayer was answered to-night, Joe."

And this was Tatty's last Christmas gift to those she loved so well.

Storms of sobs drowned her words.

"And what are you going to do, Maggie?" inquired he, with vague alarm.

"Me! What does that matter? I'll drown myself most likely. I've nothing to live for no more."

"Drown yourself! If you will only listen to reason you will live, live to be happy. If you were my wife I should soon grow to hate you. Now I shall love you forever!"

A dark form shuffled past them now, and a voice said:

"Is that you, Meg?"

She turned her face with a guilty start.

"Yes, Joe, it's me."

"Well, I must be going," said her companion.

Then in a whisper:

"Remember, to-morrow at the same hour, to meet me here. Promise."

His grip on her arm was painful.

She promised in a faint, choking voice:

"I waited a moment after he had left them and then said kindly:

"It's too cold to stay here, Meg. Let's be movin' on. Tatty's been a-worritin' fur ye."

The stubborn look of defiance faded from her face and tears fell fast from her eyes in the darkness.

"What was she a-worritin' fur, Joe?"

"About you, Meg. That child is like a grown woman. She telling me how you cried o' nights, and then she cried too a-layin' in her little bed as white as a sheet and as patient as a lamb, and sez she, a-startin' up: 'Save her, Joe! She's a comin' over the bridge from the factory. Don't wait; sez she, 'go and save her,' and so peaceably her I come."

Meg never said a word to this, but quickened her footsteps as they passed into a narrow, miserable street. Joe followed, well pleased at his companion's docility. They passed through a small door, ascended flight upon flight of stairs and entered a dark, poor room.

A number of children lighted about a small bed, and there, in the midst of the halo, lay a little figure so still and white that Maggie cried out with nervous horror.

The child opened her eyes.

"Oh, Tatty, dear, it's you? I was afraid when I got so late, darlin'."

Maggie wiped her eyes with a corner of her old shawl.

"Oh, Tatty, dear, it's you? I was afraid because I'm a few minutes late. Who made it so fine with all the candles?"

"Joe," said Tatty, joyfully, clapping her little thin hands. "I dreamed of layin' in a white bed all lighted with candles and it was Christmas and the candles was so bright they lit way up in the street across the dark bridge and I was so bright and I stood on the bridge with Joe, dear, a-lookin' so happy, and you was all dressed in white as if you were a bride with white flowers on your hair and—"

"What nonsense you be a-talkin', Tatty," interrupted Meg, in some confusion.

"Well, I tell Joe this mornin' and he was so glad he took me in his arms and kissed me, and sez he: 'Blessed lamb! she shall have the candles the way she dreamed,' so here they be, Meg, around my bed, and I'm to have lots more for Christmas."

Tatty coughed violently and pressed one little thin hand to her chest.

"Meg, will yer read to me a bit?" she asked, after the pain had lessened.

Meg took a little worn book from her basket.

"It's the Bible, Joe. I can't spell out the blessed words to-night," letting it fall from her hot hand. "I feel too wicked, darlin'."

And then Meg broke down, and in Tatty's arms told her as much of her grief as the child could understand.

"He's a wicked man, Maggie, and I don't believe God likes yer to love him so. Don't set him to-morrow. Come home to me. I can't be wid yer many days now."

"Oh, my darling," cried Meg, kissing her fiercely, "don't say that. You get stronger and stronger every day!"

Tatty shook her head.

"Let us pray, Meggie. We will pray, over and over about 'Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; don't you remember, Meg, we set out to do the best we could?'

"I'll say the Lord's Prayer to-night," letting it fall from her hot hand. "I feel too wicked, darlin'."

She lay clasping both of Meg's hands in hers, and every now and then her lips would move as if in prayer.

But the next morning she was worse, and Joe, at Meg's request, went over to the factory and gained for her a day's absence. He came in every hour himself from his neighboring shop, and although Tatty spoke so little during the long hours, she lay clasping both of Meg's hands in hers, and every now and then her lips would move as if in prayer.

"I was right," he thought. "The lady is certainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely vailed, and I am to tell the nurse to dress her in white with a slow majestic gait. The figure held his attention by a strange sort of magnetism. It was draped in black from head to foot, and its graceful pose and easy movements, even as seen through the intervening space, excited his curiosity and admiration.

"I must know more of that lady," he muttered.

"Somehow I feel deeply reluctant to permit her to pass from my sight."

Yielding, without further resistance, to the spell that was on him, he hurried after the woman, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her turn into an unfrequent path that led through a grove; for by this route the grounds of Lorn could be reached.

"I was right," he thought. "The lady is certainly Mrs. Faunce. She is closely vailed, and I am to tell the nurse to dress her in white with a slow majestic gait. The figure held his attention by a strange sort of magnetism. It was draped in black from head to foot, and its graceful pose and easy movements, even as seen through the intervening space, excited his curiosity and admiration.

"Sing out, end that mysterious figure, the instant his gaze rested upon it, caused a strange commotion in his heart. He felt drawn forward by an impulse over which he had no control. There was an unaccountable creeping sensation in his veins.

"I must know more of that lady," he muttered.

"Somehow I feel deeply reluctant to permit her to pass from my sight."

Baffled and perplexed, Raymond stood perfectly still for some moments.

"I would give my right hand for a good excuse to invade that mysterious abode," he muttered, peering curiously through the parted branches at the gray, frowning walls of Lorn.

Three minutes later the desire of his heart was satisfied. The clouds were breaking, a long, loud, deafening roar of thunder and suddenly the rain began to pour in torrents, as though the flood-gates of heaven had been opened.

"This is fortunate," cried the young man, exultantly. "The way is opened by Providence. If I were a dog, Mrs. Faunce could not refuse to shelter me from this storm."

Emerging from the shelter of the acacia trees, he ran across the lawn, and dashed through the identical window where he had seen the lady herself disappear.

The raging tempest would, he hoped, be accepted as a sufficient apology for this act of rudeness.

Mrs. Faunce stood near the center of the apartment, her slender fingers busy with the fastenings of the dress she had chosen for her.

Started by the noise of his abrupt entrance, she turned quickly. For some seconds she stood motionless as a figure carved in stone. Then, receding from him, step by step, a long, loud, blood-curdling scream broke from her lips.

"Hush!" said Raymond, eagerly. "There is no occasion for alarm. Oh, pray dismiss your fears."

But Mrs. Faunce only shrieked the louder, and beat her hands before her as if beating him off.

"Listen to me, madam. I am neither a thief nor a cutthroat. I entreat you to compose yourself."

She continued to retreat until her limbs tottered and her hands, faint with excess of emotion, sank down on a chair, groaning aloud.

Raymond could but feel surprised at the keenness of her terror. There was something unnatural in it; and as he fixed his eyes on the lady's figure, that seemed to shrink and cower beneath that intent gaze, the old creeping sensation he had experienced once before, came back, he knew not why.

"Permit me to offer an explanation," he said. "Surely you can control yourself long enough for that."

Mrs. Faunce fell back in her chair, and cried in a hoarse, husky whisper:

"Go, go! Leave me!"

"One moment, madam. I must, at least, make an apology for this intrusion."

He was slowly advancing, but she screamed again and again, with a shudder of repulsion, waved him away.

"Begone!"

"Madam is unreasonable. I have already given my assurance that I am here with pacific

## WHAT IF LIFE IS DREARY?

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Well, what if life is dreary,  
And we bear a heavy load?  
Why not sing songs that are cheery,  
To help us on the road?

Time flies, and soon our troubles,  
Like the salt of things must cease.  
Then why free us, as tub leas,  
Which burst, and end in peace?

What if trials oft assail us?  
As we know, of course, they will;  
Our strength does never fail us;  
We

"And he has written to you?"  
"Yes."  
"Dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Jerry.  
"When did you receive the last letter from the scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Challoner.  
"Yesterday."  
"Oh, yes, viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me, instantly."  
"I can not," was the low reply.  
"Can not? Why can't you, I'd like to know? Hand it over, miss."  
"I have destroyed it."

The exasperated old man gave a snort of dismay.

"Oh, you expected to be found out, did you, miss, and took that way to secure yourself? I never heard of such misdeeds, such duplicity."

"Never!" echoed Aunt Jerry, who always made it a point to agree with Mr. Challoner.

"You may tell me the purport of that letter, miss."

This demand caused Dolores to start up suddenly, and recede toward the door, her hands clasped tightly together again, her cheeks pallid with fear. The letter had really made an appointment for a meeting to take place that very evening, and was couched in such language that the poor girl had not dared disregard it.

"Do not ask me," she implored, "I can not tell you. I do not know."

Dolores was silent.

"I am not to be trifled with," stormed the angry maid. "You've tried me once too often, for if you are, the footstep of your misguided mother! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll drive you from my door! I'll leave you to slave—or rot in the poor-house! That's what I'll do!"

"And you will be serving her right," put in Aunt Jerry.

Poor Dolores answered nothing. She continued to recede toward the door, a pale look of pleading on her face; and suddenly, with a half-suppressed shriek of anguish, as if the scene had grown insupportable, rushed out.

Mr. Challoner sat down, gasping for breath. He felt terribly, terribly in earnest. It pained him unspeakably to think that his beautiful grand-daughter, of whom he had been so proud, had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as he deemed Vincent Erie.

"It shall never be," he cried; "Dolores shall not throw herself away. One disgrace of that sort is enough in a family."

To hide his agitation, he now took up the second letter, which had been lying neglected on the salver, and tore it open. Instead of pacifying him, however, this missile threw him into a greater rage, if possible, than the first.

It was from a Jew broker of New York, who wrote to demand immediate payment of a debt of three thousand dollars which the writer claimed. Mr. Challoner's grandson, Raymond, had contracted.

The old gentleman could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. He rubbed them, looked again, and at last the storm broke out. If Raymond had been borrowing money of those rascally Jews, he might get clear of their clutches as best he could. Three thousand dollars, however, in the name of all that is wonderful, had the rascal managed to squander such a sum!

"He shall reap as he has sown," roared the choleric old gentleman. "I'll disinherit both him and Dolores. And may I be shot if I ever, so long as I live, take another ungrateful brat to bring up."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### GROPPING IN THE DARK.

"Oh, treach'rous night! Thou lendst thy ready vail to evry treason, And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade."

HILL'S ZARA.

The day had been dark and lowering, and night, as it closed in, brought no change in the weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slacking ever and anon, only to rally its wasted powers for a second dash.

Aunt Jerry's room was in the same wing with the chamber occupied by Dolores. The amiable spinster retired about ten o'clock, and had fallen into what she termed her "beauty sleep" when the rattling of gravel against the window of the adjoining room rudely awakened her.

She started upright, giving her night-cap a vicious twitch.

"La, blessed me! What's that?" was her mental ejaculation.

The sound came again—unmistakably the rattling of gravel as it struck a sharp contact with the glass. Immediately afterward there was a rustling in Dolores's room, and Aunt Jerry heard the steps of a woman, and close, and stealthy footsteps gliding down the corridor.

Thought is quick, and the minister's suspicions took a definite turn instantly.

"I see, I see!" she muttered, nodding her head. "It's that audacious girl stealing out to meet her lover. Oh, how can she be so forward? But it is my duty to put a stop to this sort of thing, and I'll do it, too."

Springing out of bed, Aunt Jerry hastily thrust her feet into the slippers that stood primly side by side, next to the wall. Then she threw on a flame petticoat, and drew a shawl round her shoulders.

It was of no use trying to make a grand toilet, for Dolores was to be caught, she decided. The girl would get completely beyond her reach.

She went stalking down-stairs, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a white-robed figure as it flitted through the low window at the end of the hall, and turned into a path leading to a small pavilion at some distance from the house.

"Oh, that's where Dolores meets that precious scamp, is it?" breathed the shocked spinster. "They imagine themselves perfectly safe in the pavilion, I suppose. How scandalous! My dear Egbert must be told of this, that he may exert his authority to prevent such audacious proceedings."

Aunt Jerry quite lost sight of her peculiar costume in the sudden zeal she felt to put Mr. Challoner on the track of the culprits. Proceeding to his room, which was on the ground floor, she knocked long and loudly.

"Who's there?" said a gruff voice, at length.

"It's me—Jerush."

"What do you want?"

"Come right out," said Aunt Jerry, in an eager voice. "Dolores is in the garden with that scamp! I saw her steal forth to meet him not five minutes ago."

"Meet whom?"

Mr. Challoner was out of bed in an instant, and at the door, his yellow night-cap quite noticeable as he thrust out his head; for a dim light was always kept burning in this corridor. Aunt Jerry was reminded all at once of her own head-gear, and, snatching it off, threw it behind her, at the same time giving her false front a twitch into its proper place.

"Where do you say the idiots are?" Mr. Challoner demanded, hoarse with excitement.

"In the pavilion."

"Wait a minute. We will go down and surprise them. Oh, the villain! the abominable villain! Will he have him arrested for trespass? I'll put a bullet through his heart. I'll—I'll—"

Mr. Challoner uttered another word, the choleric old man shut the door, and proceeded to dress himself with all possible dispatch. In three minutes' time he was ready to join Aunt Jerry in the corridor.

"Come," he said, his tone not loud, but deep, as he dropped his hand firmly on the spinster's arm.

They crept silently through the window. The rain had ceased for a moment, but the night was dark—so dark that objects could not be distinguished at the distance of half a dozen yards. The damp wind blew in their faces, and every tree, shrub and blade of grass was dripping. The ground was wet, and the ground seemed soaked and overflowing with it.

They had not proceeded far before Aunt Jerry's fanned petticoat began flapping against her heels in a manner not altogether pleasant, for it seemed to have gathered up every particle of

moisture from the path along which they had come. Suddenly she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and stood stock-still.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impatiently demanded.

"Yesterday."

"Oh, yes, viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me, instantly."

"I can not." was the low reply.

"Can not? Why can't you, I'd like to know? Hand it over, miss."

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"You may tell me the purport of that letter, miss."

They proceeded. They were not a dozen steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.

"Mercy on me! There goes the other."

"Hang it all," cried the exasperated old man, "why can't you wear slippers that fit your feet or else stiff toe, with cotton? We can't be wasting time here."

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They proceeded. They were not a dozen steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.

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# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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Not exactly caring to encounter the mate, he went below, into the sailors' quarters, where he occupied himself in a voyage of discovery of the ship's interior.

Meanwhile Phil, as we have seen, had slipped stealthily aboard the vessel, and introduced himself into the cabin while Dick was attracting the attention of all on board.

It was a dangerous position for the boy to be in, and he looked around for some place of concealment in case of being suddenly intruded upon.

The cabin of the Strongbow formed a room of considerable size, and rather plainly furnished, a table, a few chairs, and a lounge, being the principal articles.

There were a couple of state-rooms on each side. Two of these stood partly open, forming the bedrooms of the captain and mate. The other two were locked.

Phil next tried the door in the forward part of the cabin, leading to the room in which he had been confined. It was only closed by a bolt on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and entered his old prison.

The apartment was a contracted one, and very faintly lighted by a dim illumination coming from the forward part of the vessel.

He had more than half expected to find Alice confined here, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found the room empty.

"Where in blazes have they got her, then?" he muttered. "I don't know any other place 'cept it's one of them state-rooms. Here's a door leading for'ard. Maybe I'd best explore."

The room formed a sort of lumber-closet for the cabin, and Phil stumbled, in the faint light, over various articles as he sought the door which his quick eyes had made out.

It proved to be so, and he listened only on one side. In a moment he had it open and was gazing forward into the vessel.

It was a dim profundity into which he looked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin'" Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the dark sides.

"That's all right," thought Phil, stepping boldly forward. "Duno what this bucket of water is left settin' here fur, 'cept they want to guv a feller a foot-bath.—Hello! here's a trap and a ladder. Guess I'll take a look further down."

The ladder led down to a lower hold, which lay in almost complete darkness, the light which came down with Phil hardly revealing the spot on which he stood. All else was profound gloom, except where, in what appeared an interminable distance forward, a faint beam of light struggled through what appeared to be a cleft in the wall.

"Well, if it ain't dark enough to eat, here, I'll sell out," muttered Phil, venturing some steps forward in the darkness.

There was no obstruction. This hold, too, had formed part of the stowage capacity of the ship, and was now empty.

Satisfied with his explorations so far, and growing anxious about the main object of his adventure, Phil made the best of his way back, reaching the small apartment adjoining the cabin.

Before venturing further he looked warily through a minute opening in the door. His quick ear caught, at the same moment, a step on the cabin stairs.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, a small, fox-like face peering warily around. Phil could see that he was not alone—something.

An idea occurred to the boy. Going cautiously back to where he had seen the bucket of water, he dipped his head into it as deeply as the bucket would admit. He came up streaming like a mermaid with salt water.

"Now for it," muttered Phil, in a choking voice.

When he again reached his point of view, he found Captain Monroe in the act of unlocking one of the state-room doors.

"That's where he keeps Miss Alice," thought Phil. "Now for to give him a header."

The captain was on the point of looking into the room whose door he had partly opened, when he was startled by an odd noise behind him.

He turned quickly, to behold, with starting eyes, a small head protruding from the lumber-room into the cabin, head dripping with water, the hair hanging in soaked masses about the face, seemingly to come water. He knew the face to be that of the boy whose helpless form he had flung into the river.

"I've been drowned!" muttered Phil, in a seepulchral tones.

The captain's face grew white as he gazed at the apparition, his superstitious soul full of dread.

"I've been drowned!" repeated Phil, in tones that seemed drawn from as far down as his toes.

It was too much for the guilty nature of the captain. With a suppressed cry of dread he ran for the companionway, and dashed up the stairs as if in fear of being carried bodily to the lower regions.

With a laugh of triumph at his success, Phil hastened into the cabin. The door of the state-room stood ajar, and he lost no time in flinging it wide open.

It was as he had hoped. There lay, reclining on a short lounge, the form of Alice Homer, her eyes staring oddly out at the intruder.

She seemed to be just recovering from the effects of the narcotic, and to be in a stupefied condition.

There was no time to be lost. Phil caught her rudely by the arm, crying:

"Come, Miss Alice! Git up instanter! Your life's in danger here!"

Stirred by his energetic appeal she tried to obey, and raised herself to her feet by his vigorous aid. She tottered, though, like a drunken person, and seemed not to understand where she was, notwithstanding her efforts.

Half leaning and half dragging, Phil hurried her across the room, the door of which he locked and appropriated the key.

"This way! Quick as lightning!" he exclaimed, impelling her forward.

She yielded involuntarily, like one walking in a dream. In a minute Phil had her through the lumber-room and into the hold beyond.

Leaving her there, he returned to close the door he had left open behind him.

At that moment he heard the heavy step of the mate descending into the cabin, and his harsh voice muttering:

"Ghosts be blown! There's a screw loose in Cap Monroe's brains."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### RATS IN A TRAP.

THERE was no time to be lost. The mate was of different caliber from the captain, and would be more likely to discharge a chain at Phil's soaking head than to run from him.

"He said he had opened the state room door. I don't see any signs of it," growled the mate, taking a lock from his own pocket and applying it to the lock.

Phil hastened from the door at which he had been listening, and hurried back to where he had left his charge.

"There'll be somethin' hot to pay soon," he said. "Wont take him long to find that the other door's unbolted."

There came a subdued roar from the cabin. The mate had just discovered that his bird had flown; the state room was empty!

"Come, Miss Alice!" Phil energetically exclaimed. "These is dangerous quarters. We must be gitting."

Her previous hasty movement had partly released her flowing sleeves, and she yielded to Phil with better command of her nerves.

He led her to the hatchway, opening to the lower hold, and aided her, with some difficulty, down the narrow ladder.

"Here we are now," said Phil cheerily, "in darkness as thick as jelly. And it won't be five minutes afore we're follied. Feel better, Miss Alice?"

"My head is very thick and confused," she hesitatingly replied. "Where are we?"

"A way down in the second story cellar of the Strongbow. Know who I am?"

"No," she uneasily answered.

"Thought you didn't," responded Phil, with a slight laugh. "I'm Phil Hardy. I'm the chap that took you out of the water once and that's a goin' to take you out of the fire, now."

"Oh, yes; I remember you," she replied dubiously. "It was evident that her faculties had not fully returned.

"Wait here a minute," cried Phil.

He dashed up the ladder to the deck above. In minute he returned with the half emptied bucket.

"Here! Dash some of this in your face," he ordered. "I'll wash the cobwebs out of your brain, and bring back the ting I know of."

Phil held up the bucket while she mechanically obeyed him, giving her face a plentiful ablation in the cold water.

It had the effect anticipated. Her consciousness returned more fully, and she looked around her with a clearer idea of the situation.

"Towels aint handy," explained Phil. "But it's only water. I'll dry off."

He carefully placed the bucket at the foot of the ladder, while she partially dried her face with her handkerchief.

"Here they come!" Phil cautiously remarked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin'"

Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the hold.

It was a forward hatchway, closed with grating, through whose openings the light came down.

Phil ran hastily up the ladder which led to it, and tried to push it aside. His attempt was vain; it was fastened above.

At the same moment a gleam of light shone from the other hatchway, and they saw the stately figure of the mate descending.

"If we aint rats in a trap, then there's no pumpkins," muttered Phil, looking doubtfully around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll giv him a call, anyhow."

With his lips to the grating Phil whistled, repeating it three times in quick succession.

It was answered in an unexpected way, by the sudden extinguishing of the light aft, and by a fierce curse from the lips of the mate. Phil at once divined the cause. He clapped his hands on his knees in delight.

"If he aint stepped into the water-bucket, sell me out! Wish I only had another bucket full! I'd guv him a shower-bath sure."

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked Alice, anxiously looking back at her as he ascended the ladder again.

"Wish I only known," answered Phil. "I'm despit'n afear'd we're in a trap. If Dick's was only about now."

His words were answered by a repetition of his signal, from the deck above the grating.

"Hello! that's clever," cried Phil, quickly ascending the ladder. "Hero we are, Dick. Open this confounded trap-door, or we'll be in trouble, a trap."

"All right!" came the voice of Dick from above, and his honest eyes were visible through the openings. "Hold hard. I'll fetch her soon."

"Here comes our enemy again," said Alice, in a low tone.

The light which now flashed through the hold was more intense than that which had been suddenly put out. But it was also more concentrated in range. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than ever.

The bearer stood on the deck, slowly turning, and throwing the sharp beam of light successively over every point of the hold.

"What shall we do?" asked Alice, shrinking instinctively from the coming gleam.

"Wish Dick would hurry up," was Phil's answer. "We'll be seen sure, afore he git's us open."

The revolving light came nearer and nearer in its progress round the circle of the hold.

"Mought keep ahead of it if it weren't for bein' blind," muttered Phil. "Hal come this way, Miss Alice?"

He had just caught a glimpse of a possible cover. Taking her hand he led her quickly but noiselessly to the side of the ship, where lay a heap of old cable.

Crouching down behind this, they were more covred from sight of the mate. In a minute the light passed slowly over them, its intense gleam revealing every portion of that section of the hold, but throwing the space in which they crouched into deeper darkness.

It moved over their heads and slowly traversed all along the deck. The two fugitives emerged from their concealment and approached the ladder. At the same instant a sliding sound was heard, and the grating moved quickly back. Dick's head appearing at the opening.

"Up the ladder, Miss Alice! Quick as lightning!" cried Phil, in excitement.

The noise had attracted the attention of the mate. He threw the light of the lantern upon the fugitives. They stood, too, in a circle of daylight entering at the open hatch.

The mate dropped his lantern and ran hastily toward them, with a fierce imprecation.

"Charge, boys! It's time to 'em!" cried Gold Dan, at the top of his lungs, perceiving that the decisive moment had arrived.

The Gentiles yelled and charged, revolvers in hand.

But as we have said, the Gentiles were all picked men, excellent rifle-shots, and nearly all of them were either scouts or teamsters used to frontier warfare.

"Steady, men; steady!" Dan cautioned, as the Danites, with wild cries, came dashing on.

"Pick your men, and don't waste a shot!"

Little need of the caution, for each and every man of the outfit was fully prepared.

When the charging line got within about six hundred yards, they commenced to open fire, but the distance was too great, and the volley whistled harmlessly over the heads of the Gentiles; but when the Mormons got inside of four hundred yards, then all along the Gentile ranks burst forth a sheet of flame.

Terrible was the effect of the well-directed fire.

Ten men were down, either killed outright or else badly wounded, and some five more, though not unhorsed, yet had received quite sufficient taste of Gentile lead to last them for many a day.

"Charge, boys! Top of your game!" cried Gold Dan, at the top of his lungs, perceiving that the decisive moment had arrived.

The Gentiles yelled and charged, revolvers in hand.

Dismayed at their bloody reception, and struck with terror by the heavy loss that they had sustained, the Danites broke and fled in great confusion.

In vain did John Clark, who by a miracle almost had escaped serious injury, although bleeding from two wounds, attempt to rally them.

The ruffians had received too great a shock, and the Danite chief, perceiving that it was useless to attempt to turn the fortunes of the day, reluctantly put spurs to his horse and fled with the rest, and as the Danites were better mounted than the borderers, who had been obliged to pick up what steeds they could, easily succeeded in making good their escape.

The Gentiles pursued the ruffians until they lost them in the wooded defiles beyond the plain, and then, perforce, gave up the chase.

But the victory was complete; never before, in all the annals of Utah, had the Danites received such a terrible beating, and gloomy and full of wrath indeed were the Destroying Angels when they struggled into their camp on Antelope Island, one by one, a few hours afterward, and realized that by a single blow they had lost one-third of their band.

And the Danite chief, too, was missing.

At first it was believed that he had fallen at the murderous discharge; but then, when some recalled the fact that he had endeavored to rally the panic-stricken line, and others told how they had noticed the blood streaming down his deer-skin garb, it was generally concluded that in some lonely defile the stern chief of the White Savages had succumbed to his wounds, and found an unknown grave.

John Clark never joined the Danite band again, nor was he ever seen by any of them.

The Mormon leaders, when informed of the disaster that had befallen their chosen band, "the Swords of Gideon," and of the absence of Clark, caused careful search to be made for him.

His den in the mountains was visited, but the hand of the destroyer had been there also, Gumpowder and fire had done their work; the

rude hut had been destroyed; naught but ashes remained; the roof of the little cave had been blown up with gunpowder, and a most desolate picture it presented.

To the Mormon mind it was plain that the Gentiles, flushed with victory, had pursued the Duke of Corinne to his retreat in the mountains, and there settled in full the score of hate.

And the Mormons lamented the loss of stern John Clark, for no such man as he did they ever find again.

have nothing better for me in the future than you have given in the past, let me not live, but die and find the rest that is denied me, in the earth from whence I came."

Straight on Talbot rode through the long day, turning neither to the right nor left, save when impassable barriers hemmed in the way.

He sought the waters of Lethe, that he might drink and forget the bitter past.

Never more did the town of Corinne see the manly figure of Gold Dan, and pretty Durango Kait waited long and anxiously for the man she had made up her mind to captivate, but he never came.

Fair down in the San Juan mines the wanderer found a habitation, and in the excitement of a new life tried to forget the old.

Some day, when my library-tower is completed, and from my eagle-like nest I can watch the white sails on the sound, the bold shores of Long Island opposite, and the pretty waters of the Mianus at my feet, and the "fit" seizes upon me, I will take my bread-winner in hand again, and tell of the wondrous adventures that befell lion-hearted Dick Talbot down in the Southland

**THAT GIRL OF MINE.**

BY JOE JOT, JR.

You ask about that dear, divine,  
Delightful, charming Girl of Mine.  
I could not truly say you live;  
Half of a perfect picture give,  
And you may very well suppose  
I could not even paint her nose,  
For painter's brush can paint no more,  
Would fail upon this Girl of Mine.

That Girl of Mine is a sight,  
To dream it is not so mean;  
It's five long years she's told me so;  
It's time I should believe it now,  
But then, we're even, each with each,  
For I have made her think me rich,  
And you can guess just how I shine  
In eyes of that dear Girl of Mine!

That Girl of Mine is a sight,  
Her looks are so fond of dress,  
And she often says she loves  
More than she does six-button gloves.  
She has more faith, she oft avers,  
In me than in her milliners:

The sweetest thing in creation,  
Is Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

She says my step makes her rejoice  
For one sweet mom'nt she was still;  
Then sweetly answered, "The quadrille's  
Yet she's all patience, and can work  
All day as hard as any Turk,  
Preparing for a ball at night."

That Girl of Mine is a sight,  
She's quite religious, and her creed  
Is very, very strict, indeed;

In most acceptable array

She goes to church, and in the way  
She poses there no fault you see.

And hardly of the earth is she;  
At least to judge by outward sign

An angel of grace is Dan of Mine.

Stories about among the poor—  
Her old acquaintances of yore—

And unto them she gives advice  
On how to make their dresses nice.

She wants to be example rare,

And wants all eyes to judge her fair.

She is a model girl, in fine;

That dear and costly Girl of Mine.

**Woods and Waters;**

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

XI.

THE LAST OF THE DUCKS.

"It's not enough to be able to shoot straight," said Bruce, as we left the light-house that afternoon, "to become a successful duck-hunter. One must know the habits of the game also. Duck-soup at night till daylight, and go to their feeding-grounds at sunset. In the day they seek the quietest places they can find, to roost in peace. Just here, their roosting-places are away in the woods, back among some little ponds. Mart has been there, and knows where to look."

The old hunter seemed indeed to feel quite secure of his route, for he stepped off with an assured air. We left the light-house by land, with our guns and game-bags, and were warned to put on wading-boots, unless we wished to get wet.

"Tramping in wading-boots is no joke, and our walk is for land-worms. We crossed a belt of cultivated country, and entered woods of low, scrubby trees, passing along mile after mile, till the ground began to descend and grow moist and swampy.

"I hope we won't go much further," said Charley Green, confidentially; "for I don't see how we'll ever get back, if we have much game to carry."

"Don't you fret," enjoined old Mart, who overheard him. "Thar's a wagon comin' to meet us at Deadman's Corners, not two miles from here. I seen to that. Now hush, all ov ye. We're gittin' nigh the place where we set the light-pond. It's a pile o' duck there. Now Charley, you take yo' crowd, Tom Smith, he'll show ye where to stand; and we'll take the other side and keep 'em drivin'. Heel, Prince! Down, yo' old sinner! Don't ye know yer bi, better'n that?"

He spoke to that absurd-looking mongrel of his, which was beginning to get excited, and threatened to range ahead. Prince seemed to understand the rebuke, for he slunk back behind his master with his tail down, looking humble and dejected.

"I'll bet on that there dog for a duck-dog ag'in' any of yer fine-bred retrievers in America," said old Mart, proudly. "We understand his bi, he does; and if he's a little shabby now and then, he only needs to be spoken to again and afraid to it. Go ahead, Tom!"

As he spoke, we could distinguish enough as a decided break in the forest, indicating a clearing; and could hear in the distance occasional bursts of quacking, which told of the vicinity of ducks. Our party was now silently divided into two bodies; one, led by Tom Smith, the keeper, (containing Bruce, Sol Hawkins and several good shots), striking off to the right, while old Mart retained the rest of us in a squad till the others were out of sight.

"The pond ahead covers a matter of eight or nine acres," explained Mart; "and we must give them time to get round it. Take a rest. I'm goin' to smoke."

In effect, we stayed where we were for about ten minutes, when Mart shook the ashes out of his pipe and announced that it was time to be off.

"Follow your leaders; go easy, and keep kived behind trees," was his advice.

Accordingly, we stole slowly forward after the old man for about a hundred yards, in Indian file, ditting from tree to tree. As we advanced, the soft ground changed to black mud, and became interspersed with pools of water; till finally we were walking in water up to the ankles, behind trees, as the gods, our desires, a pond, surrounded with trees. As Mart had warned us, it was covered with flocks of ducks, some asleep on the water, others swimming about in circles, playing with each other and quacking.

Old Mart here halted and placed Long Coventry behind a tree.

"Can't trust your long shanks stalkin' round," he remarked. "You stay there and shoot when we shoot, or when you git a chance."

He placed Ryder close beside Coventry at another large tree, on the huge moss-covered root of which a small island had accumulated.

"Now, boys," he said to Green and myself, "take it cool and spread out. Yonder's it. Hide log that'll hide you, Charley. Go for it. Hide yourself, Launce."

In a few minutes we were deployed in the forest at the edge of the swamp, but the ducks were out of easy shot. They seemed to be determined to keep tantalizingly in the middle of the pond.

Presently the forest on the other side of the pond was illuminated by a flash, and we could see a heavy charge of shot pour into the ducks, and splash into the water.

"It's one of Bruce's long rangers," cried old Mart. "Here they come, lads! Give 'em Jesse."

In effect, the sound of the shot produced a tremendous commotion. In a twinkling, all the ducks set up a grand chorus of terrified quacks, and came swimming and flying straight toward us, trying to rise from the water to clear the tops of the trees, but cramped for want of space.

Under this condition, they presented excellent marks, as their struggles brought the whole flock within thirty yards of us, flying in a dense mass for the tops of the trees.

"Bang! bang! went the guns; and the sound of ducks falling into the water told that the volley had taken effect. Out rushed Prince after the wounded ones, and the whole flight of ducks swerved round, wildly quacking, and sailed away to the opposite side of the lagoon. Then we could see the flashes of our friends' guns, and again the flock swerved off at a right angle.

"Bang! bang! went more guns, and we could see more ducks dropping, while the flock, again headed off, made a dash for the fourth side of the pond and made its escape!

"There, I think that's a pretty handsome toll for one flock to pay," observed old Mart, as he wiped out his gun. "How all we'll get to-day on this pond, and I guess Coventry and Ock has each shot a duck."

It was true, as each had a bird lying near him. The total killed by our volley was still, and Prince had already retrieved them for us, and was crossing the pond retracing the old path.

When we came to compare notes on our return home, we found that out of fourteen guns in the whole party we had killed no less than thirty-five ducks, in that single pond.

"And that's nothing to what you kin do as you hide near a feeding pond and take 'em as they come in," averred Tom Smith.

As Mart had promised, we had not to walk home. We passed on through the woods till we reached an old grass-grown country road, and came at last to a broken-down smithy, the very counterpart of Mart's at Littleton, only more ruinous. Here we found an old hay-wagon, with four horses, waiting for us, and we were soon jolting home to the banks of the river.

When we arrived at the light-house, we were rather surprised to see a soldier in undress uniform, sitting on the edge of the dock, smoking a pipe and talking to the keeper's son. As soon as this soldier saw the approaching party, he shook out the ashes of his pipe into the river, pocketed the instrument, and stood stiffly up. The moment before, he looked a rather slovenly individual, in a blue sack with a forage-cap, but now he was a smart soldier on duty.

"Boys," said Captain Bruce, as soon as he saw this figure, "my loading time is over. I order'd you to come, and I feel sure he has brought orders for me."

It proved true. The soldier was Bruce's servant, who had been left in his master's quarters at West Point, with orders to bring on any official letters that came.

He presented the captain with a long envelope, having "WAR DEPARTMENT—OFFICIAL

"Otter Tail will make the señorita a widow?" said one.

"I did not say so," Shuler replied, with a meaning smile, and then, after a pause, he said:

"I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any too well."

"No!" chorused half a dozen voices.

"Then I'll tell you. It was up the river, near the forks, last summer. Rutherford was there. We were situated around the fire, when Otter Tail came into camp. The red-skin was half drunk, and at once he began to brag. He was not long silent, but the seed of Rutherford's loss of his house a month before. The young fellow flew up in a passion, and springing to his feet, I jerked him out before he was badly burned, and took him out of camp."

"What did the Injun say, Dan?"

"He was as mute as an oyster for some time; but when I got him to talking he merely said: To-morrow Katchewhan will make the bullet for the white dog's carcass."

"That meant business."

"Of course it did. The Indian hasn't forgotten the knock-down, for yesterday he showed me the burn on his shoulder, and assured me that the chief would be avenged."

The foregoing conversation took place in a bar-room in Tucson one night in the summer of 1869. The parties were men of acknowledged desperateness; but who claimed to have that sense of "honor" which curse our Western frontier and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

Strong Dan had not exaggerated the story of Otter Tail's chastisement by the young Yorker, who was quietly making money in Tucson in a legitimate way, much to the envy and annoyance of the rough portion of the community. The Indian had deserved the punishment.

He had been a chief of some note, and had few redeeming qualities. The fire-works were his favorite beverage, and petty thieving his frequent occupation. He had ingratiated himself into the graces of such men as Dan Shuler and his lawless *confrères*, and they would resent any indignity offered the chief.

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson.

His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this thoughtful advice. Señorita Julia had rejected his proposals of marriage, and plainly intimated that her choice had been upon the young gentleman from the States. Shuler, finding himself baffled, appeared to accuse in the fair lady's decision, and went his way; but it was not long afterward that he found Katchewhan under the influence of front

strongman.

It was the Indian kept his promise.

Toward the close of a true summer afternoon, after a fortnight after the talk in the bar-room, a young man of prepossessing appearance left Tucson and walked in a south-easterly direction. He was dressed in the rather fantastic garments of a Spanish head cattle-herder, though his features proclaimed him an American. His only observable weapon was a rifle secured to his back by a strap that crossed his breast, and its arrangement told that he expected to meet no enemy.

He went over the hill that lost the city to his sight and entered a forest robed in the beauties of summer and resonant with the songs of birds. Cacti and other plants peculiar to that part of our country were visible at intervals, but he did not notice them. By looking straight ahead he could discern the appearance of a lot of buildings which seemed to indicate that a town lay beyond the trees, and his eyes lit up with delight as the sight grew more distinct.

Beyond the forest which was not large stood the hacienda-like home of the Spanish girl who had incurred the hatred of Strong Dan Shuler, and was the many children attached to it that attracted the pedestrian's attention.

The young man, who was none other than Rutherford, believed that his departure from Tucson had not been noticed, he was deceiving himself. Neither Shuler nor his friends had witnessed the quiet but not secret withdrawal; but the eyes of a person who had long thirsted for his blood were upon him, and his going into the forest alone had inflamed a savage heart.

Rutherford walked leisurely through the wood, and toward the home of the young girl who had promised to become his bride on the morrow. He feared no attack, and never since the night around the camp-fire had he thought that Otter Tail harbored revenge against him.

The moonlight faded in the west; the stately trees threw long shadows that are the precursors of night, when all is shade, but enough light remained to distinguish objects at a considerable distance.

It was near the edge of the forest that a footstep fell upon Rutherford's ear.

He paused and looked back to see an indistinct figure moving, seemingly, toward him. Then the thought of treachery on Strong Dan's part came over him, and he stepped close to a clump of bushes of the maguey species, and unslung his gun, determined to watch events.

This figure was almost effectually concealed by the maguey shadows, and with eyes fixed upon the figure gazing forward with suspicious motion, Rutherford stood like a statue of bronze.

The group exchanged looks.

Presently the trailer, for undoubtedly such the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American recognized him.

It was Katchewhan, or Otter Tail, and Rutherford knew that the chief was upon his trail.

Closer to the broad clapboard-like leaves of the protecting plant the hunted man crept, with his eye fixed steadfastly upon the Indian, whose errand was no longer a matter of conjecture. Scarce thirty feet from the bunch of maguey Otter Tail came to a halt and looked around perplexed.

The Indian whom he had followed from Tucson had to him mysteriously disappeared; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him.

Rutherford watched and enjoyed the chief's perplexity until he saw another figure, panther-like, creeping upon his trailer.

No sound indicated the second approach, and a moment after the discovery, the young man recognized him Indian, called the Creeper, standing with uplifted tomahawk menacingly near Otter Tail.

The tableau was the most thrilling one Rutherford had ever beheld. He read it in an instant, and for a moment resolved to witness the *dénouement* without interference.

The forester who had followed from Tucson had been tracked by a red enemy of his own tribe, and a forest feud was about to be settled in a startling manner.

But Rutherford could not stand idly by and see the life of his enemy taken by a sneaking assassin, and the rifle which had covered Katchewhan shifted to the figure of his scarlet foe.

A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle.

Quick as a flash the chief whirled, to see his foe at the agonies of death and to discern a puff of white smoke curling above the maguey.

"The Creeper hate Katchewhan long time," he said, catching a glimpse of his preserver, and coming forward as if willing to trust the man who had stricken the brave.

Rutherford stepped boldly forth to see Otter Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

"Katchewhan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day!' and Katchewhan was on his trail. He hunt white man no more; he can take pretty girl to his lodge, and Katchewhan will guard it with the Injun grateful! Injun not always a dog!"

With an exclamation of joy Rutherford seized the red hand which the chief thrust forward, and there was a fraternal grasp.

Then two figures went down the leafy aisle,

mont avenue, in the western district of Brooklyn, been a fashionable and popular resort of the admirers of roller skating, and what with the enjoyable entertainments on *fête* nights, the crowds present on Saturdays—the "popular price" day—and the fun and frolic incident to the occasions when the city academies and Sunday-schools visit the rink in a body, Brooklyn has had a first-class skating sensation, despite the fact that there was no ice-skating up to New Year's day.

On Christmas day a novel scene was presented at the Brooklyn Rink, it being the occasion of a visit from Santa Claus, who appeared in *private* personage, and distributed small gifts of presents to the children in the assemblage, the noise of whistles, flutes, and horns, when all had received their gifts, being stumping for the time being. They have excellent facilities for roller skating at Apollo Hall, in the Eastern District, and this Williamsburg resort was crowded on Christmas day. The Empire Rink is to be opened for roller skating in January, and then the up-town people of New York will possess facilities for enjoying the sport. The new roller-skating rink in Philadelphia is quite a success.

It is worthy of note, as showing the unusual popularity of the sport, that in 1876, in the cities of Victoria, San Francisco, Sacramento, and other cities of California, Port Hope, Montreal, and other cities of Canada, on Christmas day, instead of enjoying skating and sleighing, actually had regattas and field sports, La Crosse and cricket taking the place of skating.

**Ripples.**

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